

1489. / 33

THE

V I S - A - V I S

OF

B E R K L E Y - S Q U A R E.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

11V-A-21V



THE
V I S - À - V I S
OF
BERKLEY-SQUARE:

OR,
A WHEEL OFF MRS. W*T**N'S CARRIAGE.

INSCRIBED TO
F L O R I Z E L.

PHRYNE had Talents for Mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of Trade :
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign State
Their *diff'rent* ENTRIES made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniards, or *French*, came to her ;
To all obliging she'd appear :
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynbeer*,
'Twas *Sil vous plaist*, *Monsieur*.

L O N D O N :
SOLD BY MURRAY, FLEET-STREET ; BOWEN, NEW-BOND-STREET ;
AND SOUTHERNE, ST. JAMES'S-STREET.

THE
V - A - S - I
OF
B - L - L - E - S - O - U - A - R - E
OR

WHEEL OF THE WITNESS

INFORMED TO
E - L - O - R - I - N - I



THIS POEM,
ON THE MATCHLESS PHRYNE PERDITA,
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED AND APPLIED,
TO THE GREAT, THE GAY, THE GOOD, AND GALLANT
FLORIZEL:

AS
A TESTIMONY OF THE AUTHOR'S ABILITIES,
THE HEROE'S POWERS,
AND THE LADY'S PARTS.

MAY THE POET'S CONTINUE TO MEND,
THE FLORIZEL'S TO PROPEND,
AND THE LADY'S TO EXTEND,

ARE
THE CONSTANT ORISONS OF YOUR FAITHFUL,
OBSEQUIOUS, AND DEVOTED
HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

JUNE 14, 1783.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY

ON THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF

THE DECEASED

TO THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF

NEW YORK

A TESTIMONY OF THE ADOPTION

OF THE

AND THE



MAY THE

THE

AND THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

1784

T H E
V I S - À - V I S.

W H E N M A D A M V E N U S * y o k ' d h e r D o v e s ,
L a c k e y ' d b y C u p i d s , J o y s , a n d L o v e s ,
A n d J U N O w h i r l ' d h e r C a r s ;
T h e G o d s c o u l d c o n d e s c e n d t o s t o o p
B e l o w t h e f a r t h i n g a l e a n d h o o p ,
F r o m J U P I T E R t o M A R S .

* The Amours of Mars and Venus, and other Elyfian stories, are so well known, that to Modern Gentlemen, an explanation or relation would be as dull as the Intrigues of Lady Worsley or Lady Craven.

B

When

When gay AURORA * left her bed,
And shook the tresses of her head,
Between awake and sleep,
All Nature sprang to have a stare:
At that bright Car where she was bare,
Who could resist to peep!

So peeping TOM, as we are told,
Most dearly paid for being too bold,
When fair GODINA † vow'd
Naked thro' *Coventry* to ride;
Of all their Dames the nicest Bride,
For, all she had she show'd!

But

* Aurora drives her carriage every morning, as regularly as the stages set out from the Golden Cross.

† Lady Godina, to release the City of Coventry of a heavy fine laid on the inhabitants by her husband, and in compliance with his brutal will, rode

But what of Coaches, Chariots, Cars,
Blazon'd with Coronets and Stars,

To

rode naked on horseback through the City ; when the people, out of decent respect, withdrew, and shut up their windows ; excepting one peering, peeping Taylor, who was put to death for his curiosity.

A pretty joke, says Madam J——,
To splash and dash thro' Thames-street mud,
To please a Husband's whim !
I'd see the City all in flames,
Its husbands, and its maids, and dames,
Before I'd show a limb.

Says Madam S——, brisk and gay,
What, ride a-stride in open day !
Where's Patriot-Virtue fled ?
I'd rather venture any ride,
Aside—behind—before—a-stride,
On a Celestial Bed !

What

To ours, of higher blaze!

Not those who roll'd along the skies,

Or won the high Olympick prize,

Created such amaze!

Poor KITTY FISHER, †, lovely Girl!

Tho' bright as diamonds, fair as pearl,

To.

What would my mighty Brutus * say,

To see my precious painted clay,

Expos'd to sun and air:

As for the People, they might gaze!

I never wore close, clumsy stays——

'Tis *ton* to go half-bare!

* The Alderman being drawn in the character of a Roman Senator, Mr. Wilkes wrote thus under the Print:

Although the Lion's skin he wears,

He cannot hide his Afs's ears!

† Miss Fisher was maintained for a short season by a general subscription of the Members of White's, and the winning man every night possessed

To this could ne'er succeed:
Tho' the old fumbling *Club of White's*
Subscrib'd their little, niggling mites,
She'd but a pye-bald Steed.

Or what could FANNY MURRAY do,
Tho' she the Venus of the Stew;
Profusion all her thoughts!

To make a Country Booby stare,
She swore she had no other fare
To breakfast, than *Bank-notes*. *

C

But

Jeſſed the fair Devotee. Her great pride was her pye-bald horſe, which, on her deceaſe, became the property of an impure fiſter. Future Ages will ſcarce believe the profligacy of thoſe times, when the fiſt men of the Nation club'd tails to entertain a lovely Courtezan.

* Miſs Murray, the apple-faced Beauty of her time, to ſhow one of her Votaries how much ſhe deſpiſed Money, or any allowance that he could

But all the acts of all the Maids
Of Honour, or the gorgeous Jades
On Egypt's costly shore,
In luxury, could ne'er surpass
Th' expences of this wanton Lads,
Nor THAIS,* Sawney's Whore.

If CLEOPATRA in her Barge,
Surpass'd her in a floating charge,

could make her, took two Bank-notes which he had given her, and putting them between two pieces of thin bread and butter, eat them.

* Thais led the mad Alexander with a torch in her hand, and burnt the fair Persepolis.

On

On shore our PHRYNE's * such,
That neither CÆSAR, POMPEY, TONY, †
Nor other Roman Macaroni,
Could raise a Miss so much!

Two Princes of the Royal Race,
As great in wisdom as in grace,

* Our Heroine, in Shakespeare, is called *Perdita*—in Pope, *Phryne*: the Men of Fashion must settle which is the properest name, as suiting the Lady's public character.

† Marc Antony, as a Roman Buck, spent a million and a half of money in Rome, in his minority. We have many of *Boodle's Club*, who would try at the business, had they but the capability.

Contribute

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Contribute

(14)

Contribute to her Fame;
Besides some other Stars and Strings,
Some other snivelling, wealthy Things,
Unworthy of a name.

All these have paid for their approach,
All these have paid to make this Coach,
This Comet upon Wheels!
Which, burnish'd as it runs, doth blaze;
Of all, the wonder and the gaze!
Commiffion'd, like the Seals!

Let the Two W—T—N's Vis-a-Vis
Roll on the Wheels of Luxury,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with each other's Graces:

Like Shepherdesses in a fan,

Simp'ring, and looking for a Man,

With Barber-shop's* fair faces.

Thus in a window you may find,

Blocks dress'd and painted to your mind;

Alluring, smiling creatures!

At once as wise, as fair, as new;

Ten thousand times more constant too,

And with more lasting features.

D

But

* The faces produced by the ingenuity of our modern Barbers are so well done, that it is difficult to conclude, whether the Statuary or the Painter has the most merit. Foote gave the idea to the world; when he introduced puppets to resemble particular personages. Garrick was so well done, that he was compelled to solicit the Humourist, that he might only

But all these gay festoons of flowers,

Gather'd in EDEN's* frolick Bowers,

Will not Admirers meet :

In vain ye shew your made-up graces,

In vain ye shew your painted faces,

Up—down—St. James's Street.

Ye Harlots, worse than Drury-Lane,

Ye Trulls of Mother WINDSOR's Train,

only appear in life, and not so like the life, dead. Geo. Alex. Stevens was the Promethean Worker, and finished many faces more lasting and like than Sir Joshua Reynolds.

* The elegance of Mrs. W—t—n's carriage is only outdone by the Perdita's : the festoons of flowers, the breadth of the footmen's shoulder-knots, the smartness of the hats and bags, entitle her and Sir R——E—— to praise, for their Ways and Means.

Hide

Hide your diminish'd heads ;
No *Cestus* * is the *Sash* with you,
Pleasures have left your tawdry crew—
Ye've no *Celestial Beds*. †

If ye can blush, now blush to see
The gaudy, burnish'd Vis-a-Vis

* The *Cestus* of Venus was worn and lent on very particular occasions, when the object had particular attractions to make ; and whoever had the zone, had every advantage. The *Sash*, in honour of the *Cestus*, was given the Grecian Ladies ; and from them it has been dishonoured round the waists of our most notorious Impures.

† Celestia Beds were recommended by the bawdy Quack, Dr. Graham, for a more ready and more certain means of propagation.

Of the Superior Life:

There see the PHRYNE daub'd within,

The type of a superior Sin—

The Mistress and the Wife!

A—M—T—D in vain, with all her wit,

Against this saphick Beauty spit*—

* This Lady, to her thirtieth year, passed unnoticed and unadmired; at that period she drew Admirers, as if instantly arrayed with the Cestus or Sash of Venus: nor was she less attended for her beauty than her wit. So well did she manage the business of the Toilet and the Kitchen, that she gave three dinners in one day, to three different Noble men; and so well contrived, that the guests did not know that any other had tasted her roast meat. Perhaps no Lady was ever put to the spit so forcibly, or acquitted herself so well.

Her

(19)

Her wrinkles shew *Time's* finger:

She to the starting-post came late,

No hopes had she to win the Plate;

For how the GRACES fling her!

The Carriages, the Streets, the Town,

The Prince, the Pickpocket, and Clown,

All stare at PHRYNE's station!

The very stones look up, to see

Such very gorgeous Harlotry

Shaming a foolish Nation!

C--R--S F-- himself with envy saw

The Steeds that did her Carriage draw;

E

And

And figh'd to wear the *Traces* ;
That dark, dy'd phiz, of Hebrew hue,
He painted white, and red, and blue,
But always grim'd the *Graces*.

DAN S—— made many bows,
And offer'd many double vows,
Courting belief of grace :
But his duplicity was rank ;
The unpaid *Claret* he had drank
Blush'd conscious in his *face* !

He pleaded, what a flave he'd be,
In mending of her Poetry ;

Where

Where he was *Captive** true:
Says gentle PHRYNE, spare your pains,
Nor rack for me your little brains,
As TICKLE † works for you!

S--L W-L-s she shew'd her worn out Coach;
Such scratches never could approach

* This Lady, under the auspices of a Jackdaw Wit, wrote a Poem called *The Captive*.

† The ingenious Mr. Tickle, whose abilities are confessed to be superior to every other Wit of this Time, has given glaring testimonies of that assistance he has lent to others.

The

The lining rent of filk ;
Oh, what a falling off is here !
How very great the wear and tear,
Since first she carried Milk.*

What wond'rous Things she carried since,
From Swan † the Barber to the Prince,

And

* Miss W——s ought not to be censured for the innocence of her first profession ; for surely, the simplest maiden may squeeze the teat of a cow, without the censure of the World. Her bearing a milk-pail in the early hour of her life was pastoral and meritorious ; and if she had not quitted that yoke for a worse, it might have been more happy for her.

† Swan the Barber, seems to be only a literal translation of the fable of Jupiter and Leda :—

“ Tyndari, Laconiae Regis, uxor, qua Jupiter sub forma Cygni
“ abusus est.”

I therefore

(23)

And many crazy Lord:
May we believe Administration,
She gave *this* Admiralty their station,
Nay, carried all the *Board*!

Hence all Competitors, away!
PHRYNE's bright Chariot of the day

I therefore think it means, that Miss W——s, a modern Leda, was imposed on by a white Swan; and *Barber* is used as *pulchra, candida*. However, there is no proof against her, if it was a Mr. Swan, as she never, like Leda, laid eggs.

“ Leda duo peperit ova.”

F

On

On brimstone wheels doth run ;
 With ducal Coronet of Flowers,
 Gather'd in *Cambria's** fertile Bowers,
 Rais'd by the *Rising Sun*.†

The *Rising Sun* its influence shed,
 The *Curtain* shades the crimson bed,

* *Cambria*, in ancient Geography, is called *Wales*.

† Phryne Perdita's Vis-a-Vis has this singular aukick emblem on its pannel :—an oval, in which is represented the *Rising Sun*, gilding some loose and scattered clouds :—round this device is a loose curtain, on the top of which is a Ducal Coronet of Flowers, and the *British Lion couchant*, peeping out his disgraced head from the place where the Jordan should be.—If this was the Perdita's own fancy, it might be pardoned, as the folly of a weak woman ; but manners and decency should have whispered, that such puns as the *Rising Sun*, and the *British Lion* humiliated under the curtain of a Courtezan's bed, were jokes unbecoming her fancy or her folly.

Thro'

Thro' which he longs to peep ;
The *Lion*, like the *piss-pot* plac'd !
Sneaks out his head, as if disgrac'd,
Couchant, and dead asleep.

England, alas ! thy *Rising Sun*
Its brilliant course hath ceas'd to run,
Thy *Lion's* claws are par'd ;
Couchant we see his Royal Head,
Peep from the Harlot's common Bed,
Which with him many shar'd.

Shall it, ye sacred Gods, be written,
That the chaste *Rising Sun* of Britain

Is bound in bawdy fetters! .
And shall the good Old Lion help
To save the fame of his Young Whelp,
By buying up his *Letters*! *

Princes of Gotham, try to think,
Nor venture on the black sea, Ink;

* Epistolary converse has never been a knack peculiar to the Great Family of this Realm. Education has never been thought an ingredient worthy the composition of a Great Man. It has been known to hurt their eyes and breasts; and some severe Students of our rusty Colleges have suffered much from an intense application, which our top-gentry have discreetly avoided.

However, the Letters alluded to, in possession of Phryne, which were thrown out in amorous fits, are allowed to be so very unique, that they were bought up at the small price of one thousand per annum. We have nothing equal to them in our language, but those of 'Squire Morgan, which are capital, and classically hit off.

Touch

Touch not the goose's quill:

Lewd Lady GROSVENOR can prove,

With *Letters* ye were ne'er in love,

Ye always us'd them ill.

H---y of C-m---l--d no more

Risques his dear life from sight of shore,

An Admiral he rides;

He passes Bridges, crosses Ferries,

Commands a Fleet of *Chelsea Wherries*,*

Great TIMON† of the Tides.

* We could wish not to mean censure here.—Can an Admiral, unemployed by his Country, do better than keep himself in practice, by a manœuvre of small vessels—A Review of Chelsea Wherries may teach an Admiral to defeat a Fleet.

† Great Timon ruled both on the land and wave.

G

Who

Who can behold the Solar Pun,
Nor burn, to see the *Rising Sun*

Daub'd on a bawdy Pannel!

Virtue and Wisdom, fend your grace,
And save this Youth of virtuous Race

From vices the most scrannel.

Young Lion, let this whisper reach
Thine ear, and Reformation teach:

Rouse up thy noble pride!

Can't thou so meanly duck thy foul—
Become the *Jackall* to a Hole

Where Wolves and Foxes 'bide!

Fly

Fly to some other Beauties' arms,

Who've constancy, and love, and charms,

Nor bear this rank abuse;

For say, what Commoner or King,

“ Should keep a Corner of the *Thing*”*

“ He loves, for others' use.”

* I had rather be a toad, and live upon the vapour of a dungeon, than keep a corner in the thing I love, for others use.

Mr. Shakespeare must have been very well acquainted with *Things* in general, to have felt out the virtues of their Corners so happily, and so particularly.—But, to be sure, the first pride of an Englishman is to keep the tenement to himself, if he can; but if he cannot, he leaves the premises in contempt—nor like a dog returns to his vomit.

Believe

(30)

Believe me, gallant, noble Youth,

This is a dirty, smutty Truth,

Put on the *Rising Sun*—

That every time you deign to spread

That *Bethsheba's* augean bed,

You have a butter'd Bun!

Et Cætera.



